

THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON.

(Copyrighted, 1900, by H. G. Wells.)

The Greatest Marvel-Romance of the Age.

BY H. G. WELLS.

Author of "The War of Worlds" and "When the Sleeper Wakes."

SYNOPSIS OF PROCEEDINGS CHAPTER.

An English scientist named Cavor discovers a motive power that overcomes limitations of gravitation and space. He constructs a glass sphere in which he and a friend named Bedford (who tells the story) set out for the moon. After a struggle the structure arrives on the surface of the moon toward the close of the long lunar night and waits to await the dawn before leaving the sphere.

The adventurers find they can breathe lunar air. Under the rays of the rising sun the moon on the orb's surface melts and gigantic fungus growth springs up everywhere. The first effect of the air is to make both men ill.

CHAPTER V.

The Moon-Plants' Growth.

THE HARE EMPHASIS, the pitiless black and white, of the scenery had all together disappeared. The glare of the sun had fallen upon itself a faint tinge of amber; the shadows upon the cliff of the crater wall were deeply purple.

To the eastward a dark bank of fog all crouched and sheltered us from the sunrise, but to the westward the sky was blue and clear. I began to realize that we were no longer in a void.

An atmosphere had arisen about us. The outline of things had gained in character, had grown acute and varied; save for a shadowed space of white substance here and there, the whole was a blue and clear, but now, the moon, the acute appearance had gone altogether.

Everywhere broad, rusty-branched trees of care and tangled earth spread to the base of the sun. Here and there at the edge of the snowdrift were translucent little pools and soddies of water, the only things stirring in that expanse of barrenness.

The sunlight inundated the upper two-thirds of our sphere and turned our climate to high summer, but our feet were still in shadow and the sphere was lying upon a drift of snow.

And scattered here and there upon the slope, and emphasized by little white mounds of unthawed snow upon their shaly sides, were shapes like skulls, dry, twisted sticks of the same rusty hue as the rock upon which they lay.

That caught one's thoughts sharply. Sticks! On a desolate world? Then as my eye grew more accustomed to the texture of their substance I perceived that almost all this stuff had a fibrous texture, like the carpet of brown needles one finds beneath the shade of pine I said:

"Cavor! I said."

"Yes, it may be a dead world now—but once something aroused my attention."

I had discovered that these needles a number of little round objects. And it seemed to me that one of these had moved.

"Cavor!" I whispered.

"What?"

"But I did not answer at once. I stared, looking for an instant I could not believe my eyes. I gave an involuntary cry. I clasped his arm. I pointed."

"Cavor! I said, finding my tongue."

"The eyes showed my pointing finger."

"How can I describe the thing I saw? It is so hard a thing to state, and yet it is so wonderful, so pregnant with meaning."

I have said that amidst the atoll-like little round objects that might have passed as very small pebbles.

And now I saw one and then another had stirred, had rolled over and cracked, and down the crack of each of them showed the same rusty hue as the rock upon which they lay.

For a moment that was all, and then they stirred and burst a third!

It is a seed, I said, and then I heard him whisper very softly:

"Life! Life!"

And immediately it poured upon us that our vast journey had not been made in vain, that we had come to a new world of minerals, but to a world that lived and moved.

We watched intently. I remember I kept rubbing the glass before me with my fingers, lest the faintest suspicion of mist.

The picture was clear and vivid only in the middle of the field. All about that centre the dead fibres and seeds were magnified and distorted by the curvature of the glass.

But we could see enough: After another all down the sunlit slope, these enormous little brown oblong seeds, and gaped apart, like seed-pods, like the husks of fruits, opened oyster mouths that drank in the heat and light pouring in a cascade from the newly risen sun.

Every moment more of these seed-

coats ruptured, and even as they did so the swelling pioneers overflowed their rent-stretched seed-cases and passed into the second stage of growth.

With a steady assurance, a swift determination, these amazing seeds thrust a rootlet downward to the earth and a queer little bundle-like bud into the air.

In a little while the whole slope was dotted with minute plantlets standing at attention in the blaze of the sun.

They did not stand for long. The bundle-like buds swelled and strained and opened with a jerk, thrusting out a corner of little sharp tips, spreading a whorl of tiny, spiky, brownish leaves, that lengthened rapidly, lengthened visibly, even as we watched.

The movement was slower than any animal's, swifter than any plant's I have ever seen before. How can I suggest it to you—the way that growth went on!

The leaf-tips grew so that they moved outward even while we looked at them. The brown and white striped pattern was absorbed with an equal rapidity.

Have you ever seen a cold that taken a thermometer into your warm hand and watched the little thread of mercury creep up the tube? These moon plants grew like that.

In a few minutes, as it seemed, the buds of the more forward of these

plants had lengthened into a stem, and were even putting forth a second whorl of leaves, and all the slope that had seemed so recently a lifeless stretch of olive-green herbage of bristling spikes that swayed with the vigor of their growing.

I turned about, and beheld along the upper edge of a rock to the eastward a similar fringe in a scarcely less forward condition away and bent, dark against the blinding glare of the sun.

And beyond that fringe was the silhouette of a plant mass, branching clumsily like a cactus and swelling distended like a bladder that this visibly, swelling like a bladder that this

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straining into view, hurrying tumultuously to take advantage of the brief day in which it must flower and fruit, and seed again.

It was like a miracle, that growth. So, one must imagine, the trees and the desolation of the new-made earth. Imagine it! Imagine that dawn of the correction of the frozen air, the stirring and quickening of the soil, and then this silent uprising of vegetation, and the utterly new aspect of life and growth.

And to have the picture of our impression complete, you must bear in mind that we saw it all through a thick, hot glass, distorted it as things are distorted by a lens, and only in the centre of the picture and very bright there, and toward the edge magnified and unreal.

We ceased to gaze. We turned to each other, the same thought, the same question in our eyes. But these plants to grow, there must be some air, however attenuated air, that we also should be able to breathe.

A little precaution, he said. He pointed out that although it was certainly an oxygenated atmosphere outside, it might still be so rarefied as to cause us grave injury. He reminded me of mountain sickness and of the breathing that often afflicts mountaineers who have ascended too rapidly, and he spent some time in the preparation of a stock-stopping drink, which he insisted on my sipping.

It made me feel a little numb, but otherwise had no effect on me. Then he permitted me to begin unscrewing the manhole lid. Presently the glass stopper of the manhole was so far gone that the denser air within our sphere began to escape along the thread of the screw, singing as a kettle sings before it boils.

Thereupon he made me descend. It speedily became evident that the pressure outside was very much less than it was within. How much less it was we had no means of telling.

I sat grasping the stopper with both hands, ready to close it again. I was spite of our intense hope, the lunar atmosphere should after all prove too rarefied for us, and I sat at with a cylinder of compressed oxygen at hand to restore our pressure.

We looked at one another in silence, and then at the fantastic vegetation that swayed and grew visibly and noiselessly without.

And ever that shrill piping continued. My blood-vessels began to throb in my ears, and the sound of Cavor's movements diminished.

I noted how still everything had become, because of the thinning of the air.

As our air leaked out from the screw, the moisture of it condensed in little puffs.

Presently I experienced a peculiar stiffness of breath—that lasted indeed during the whole of the time of our exposure to the moon's exterior atmosphere—and a rather unpleasant sensation about the ears and finger-nails, and the back of the throat grew up, and the back of the throat grew up, and the back of the throat grew up.

But then came vertigo and nausea that abruptly changed the quality of my courage. I gave the lid of the manhole half a turn and made a hasty explanation to Cavor, but now he was the more sanguine.

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This Story Tells of a Wonderful Trip to the Moon in a Glass Sphere by Two Daring Englishmen, Who Explore Our Mysterious Satellite.

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WOMEN SAVE LIVES AT FIRE.

Little Ones Are Carried from Blazing Room of Tenement.

Two women developed great heroism at a small fire in the tenement at No. 120 Allen street today.

Mrs. Simon Levenson, living in the third floor, went down stairs to dump a can of ashes. When she returned her kitchen was in flames. Clothes hung over the stove had ignited.

She dashed through the flames to the bedroom, took her three-year-old boy, Moses, and her eight-month-old infant, and ran upstairs and banged her room door, and she spent some time in the preparation of a stock-stopping drink, which he insisted on my sipping.

She took them all through the landing room to safety. All suffered a slight scorching.

Meanwhile Mrs. Samuel Dreischer, an aged woman living in an adjoining flat, had seen the mother leave the room. Then she noticed the fire. Finding it impossible to pass through the kitchen, she climbed along the fire-escape and forced an entrance into the bedroom, which was filled with smoke.

She had difficulty in getting out after discovering that the children had been rescued.

The firemen extinguished the blaze with a slight damage.

OVERSTUDY, THEN SUICIDE.

Young Man Worked Nights to Become an Electrician.

Overstudy is given as the reason for the suicide of Robert Gossey, twenty-one years old, of No. 24 Albany avenue, Brooklyn. He was employed in a wholesale dry goods house in Manhattan and for two years had been studying electrical engineering at night.

His parents and friends often tried to induce him to quit studying so hard and to take a rest, but he refused.

Several months ago he lost his appetite, and since then he had been highly nervous. His father found him lying on the bed, fully dressed and with a gas mask, and he was dead before a physician arrived.

A Zoo for Coney Island.

"The Streets of Cairo" have disappeared from Coney Island, but the demand for Oriental boys which they engendered has not entirely passed away.

This explains the arrival here to-day of six three-humped camels, regular Bedouin ships of the desert, two elephants, a couple of sacred donkeys, and some other zoological specimens.

The animals will be in charge of Isaac Benayser, an Egyptian, who is known as the Exposition King.

Dr. Greene's NERVURA LONGSTREET

"It gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the many others in favor of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which I have used with highly beneficial results, and am able to commend its virtues from experience."—James Longstreet, 1217 New Hampshire Ave., Washington, D.C.

General Longstreet is the last surviving great general of the Civil War. Every child is familiar with his name. The General is now 78 years of age, hale and hearty. Take his advice; you can rely on it. Dr. Greene's Nervura benefits all who are rundown and weak.

It is the Foremost Spring Medicine.

As a spring medicine to strengthen and tone up the nerves, purify and enrich the blood, invigorate the muscles and body, as well as regulate the action of the stomach, liver and kidneys, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy surpasses anything the world has ever known.

Dr. Greene, 36 W. 14th St., New York City, gives consultation free to all who write to him. If you are puzzled about yourself this spring, write to Dr. Greene to-day for advice.

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Counterfeits.

Read what one of the GREATEST NEWSPAPERS IN AMERICA has to say on this subject:

"The manufacturers of Castoria have been compelled to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars to familiarize the public with the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. This has been necessitated by reason of pirates counterfeiting the Castoria trade-mark.

This counterfeiting is a crime not only against the proprietors of Castoria, but against the growing generation. All persons should be careful to see that Castoria bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, if they would guard the health of their children. Parents, and mothers in particular, ought to carefully examine the Castoria advertisements which have been appearing in this paper, and to remember that the wrapper of every bottle of genuine Castoria bears the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, under whose supervision it has been manufactured continuously for over thirty years."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 31 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Amusements.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN. ADAM FOREPAUGH AND SELL'S BROS. CIRCUSES, MENAGERIES, Hippodromes, KILPATRICK, THEATRE, Grand Opening Exhibition To-Night.

PASTOR'S. BROADWAY. THEATRE, Grand Opening Exhibition To-Night.

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